Mr. *PAUL's*

SPEECH

Turn'd into Verſe,

And explain'd for the Uſe of all Lovers of the Church, and the Late Queen *ANN.*

When the Reverend Paul,
With his Friend Juſtice Hall;
Had paſs'd by Saint Andrew's *Steeple,*
Near that triple Tree,
Which at Tyburn *you ſee,*
He addreſs'd himſelf thus to the People;

My Country-Men Dear,
Obſerve what you hear,
And let each make this proper reflection,
That in *theſe ſad Times*
Are *Vertues* deem'd *Crimes*
And the Habit I wear no Protection.

Becauſe that I roſe
In arms to *depoſe*
That *Prince,* who the Scepter now ſways,
To the *Gallows* I'm brought
For no other Fault
And *Jack Catch* puts an end to my Days.

'Tis hard that I muſt
For what I thought juſt,
Be forc'd in a Halter to ſwing,
Yet ſince Death is near
Without Shame or Fear
I own James the Third *for my* King.

Indeed I have Swore
Twice, Thrice, and times more,
He had not the leaſt right to the Crown,
The Living I got
I am ſorry God wot,
Made theſe Oaths very glibly go down.

Firſt *William Naſſaw*
Subverted the Law,
And *tyranniz'd* o're the whole Nation,
Then the late *Princeſs Ann,*
Deny it who can,
Continu'd the baſe Uſurpation.

Her, as both Good, and Wiſe,
You extoll'd to the Skies,
And call'd her *the Churches true Mother,*
Yet how was She Good?
(Who, you ſay, underſtood)
If She really thought him her Brother?

Nor

XEB7. Anno. 1716

Nor content to have been
Whilſt Living a Queen
Determin'd to thwart Right Divine,
By aſſenting to Laws
Which might baffle his Cauſe,
And ſet up the *Hanover Line.*

I profeſs that I die
Not of that you call High
But the *Pure Church of England's Son*
In Communion with thoſe
Who ſtoutly oppoſe
That *Schiſm* which the reſt has o'er-run.

Of the Clergy that teach,
And in Churches now Preach,
There are few who have true Ordination,
They Sacraments diſpenſe
To which they have no pretenſe,
And lead you all ſtrait to Damnation.

The Nonjurers alone
As Prieſts you ſhou'd own
Who enjoy the *Apoſtolick Miſſion,*
Are well gifted in Pray'r
And the choice Bleſſings Share
Of an uninterrupted Succeſſion.

Theſe for *Prelacy* are,
As they frankly declare,
Yet to *Presbyters* only ſubmit,
Since of *Twenty and Six*
On *Four* they can't fix
Whoſe *Epiſcopal Right* they'll admit.

This Church ne'er can be
From Danger quite free,
For no one Aſſiſtance will lend her,
Till *Jemmy* ſhall come
With inſtructions from *Rome,*
And prove her Sincereſt Defender.

The *Pope* has decreed,
And the *Car'nals* agreed,
He ſhall do what her *Zealots* require,
Bring into her Pale
When other means fail,
All thoſe who oppugn her, by Fire.

To keep *Popery* out
Was a Sham, there's no Doubt,
To compaſs the damn'd *Revolution,*
Which quickly let in
All *Athieſm,* and Sin,
And involv'd us e'er ſince in *Confuſion.*

The Misfortunes and Ills
Which each Patriot feels
I have taught, and you well underſtand,
You muſt theſe ſtill endure
And can ne'er be ſecure
Till a Papiſt is King *in this* Land.

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